

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
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MAN YOU DON'T MEET EVERY DAY

I've a nice little cabin that's all built with mud,
In the beautiful County Kildare,
I've got acres of land, and men at command,
And I have always a shilling to spare.
Ooh! I didn't come here, boys, in search of a job,
But just a short visit to pay,
And as I walk through the streets, people say that I meet,
There's the man you don't meet every day.

CHORUS.

Then call for your glasses, just have what you want,
And whatever the damage I'll pay;
B'hoys, be aisy and free when you're drinking wid me,
For I'm the man you don't meet every day.

When I landed in Glasgow, what a sight met me eyes,
As I first put me foot on the shore;
There was Felix O'Donogh, blind Barney McGurk,
And around two or three dozen more.
Ooh! murther, you ought to have seen them all stare,
And then they did all run away;
Says I, "My spalpeens, do you think I'm a ghost,
Because I'm a man you don't meet every day."
Then call for your glasses, &c.

I'm in love with a nice little girl in the town,
And we're going to be married to-day;
And if you come over a twelve-month from now,
A right welcome to all I will pay,
And I think I can show you a little spalpeen,
Who then will be able to say—
To my friends round about, while pointing me out,
There's the man you don't meet every day.
Then call for your glasses, &c.

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